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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Memory

Why! Someone called me gently in a dream.
They spoke my name so soft that I forget—
It falls across the years—I almost seem
To be the child whom they are calling, yet.

I hear it in a murmurous undertone,
The scent of apple-blossoms in the groves—
The sound of bees and birds—I am alone
Among the lonely sighing of the doves.

I see the morning sun shine tnrough the trees
And feel the dewy grass beneath my feet,
The orchards croon with drowsy songs of bees,
And through it all my name is written sweet.

O voice that whispers to me down the years,—
O tones which soften so that I forget,—
I feel the morning fragrance as it nears,—
I stand within the dream with lashes wet.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1914. NUMBER 12.

"Ought not Christians to speak on this subject of war as they have never done before? At the present moment we are threatened with war for a punctillio, a matter of etiquette. All the crimes and miseries of war are to be encountered for nothing, and yet the public press utters not a word on our obligations as a Christian community. The politicians have the whole affair in their hands. The Christians among us sit still and silent, and leave worldy, self-seeking politicians to decide whether they shall imbue their hands in the blood of their brethren. Is Christianity always to remain a dead letter in the determination of national concerns, and especially of peace and war?"

—*Channing.*

The Chautauquan for May 9 gives some interesting accounts of the way libraries are learning to use the parcel post. The Virginia State Library offers its services to any remote patron who may request books by letter, sending the same by parcel post. Librarians at their coming annual meeting at Washington will take steps to perfect the service.

"For a Saloonless City!"

This is the slogan of the local option campaign committee now being organized in Chicago. Already this slogan has been realized in cities that cover over half of the territory of Illinois, and it is being heard and heeded. It is no wild dream that children are now born who will live to see this cry come true in the great city of Chicago.

The present surprising lapse of the United States into military excitement and warlike enthusiasm confirms the statement made by Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead at the last annual meeting of the Massachusetts Peace Society, held in Springfield, Mass., that "the basis of international peace must be laid in homes and schools." The announcement that a course in citizenship, a book of three hundred pages prepared by the School Peace League, has been issued to teachers of primary and grammar schools, is a welcome one. This work should be systematically and promptly started and persistently pushed.

The attempt of the Methodist Church in the South to establish its right to the control of Vanderbilt College, Nashville, Tenn., has been defeated by the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and by this decision, if we understand it, the non-sectarian position of Vanderbilt College has been established. It may be that the fears of the Methodist Church will not be realized and Vanderbilt College will continue to be a good place to send Methodist pupils. There are no Methodist mathematics or Methodist morals, and Methodist piety, in proportion as it is pious, minimizes the Methodism in it in the interest of the humanities. We trust the bishops will not be much scared.

Mrs. Kate York is the first woman mayor in Illinois. Kingston Mines, in Peoria County, is to be governed for the next two years by this lady. Mrs. York began her career as a school teacher, and according to the *Woman's Journal* has been a successful "business man" in the mercantile trade for eighteen years. She is now forty-six years of age, and Illinois is sufficiently advanced to see nothing anomalous or strange in this event. It is such as might be reasonably expected under the circumstances. We have no doubt but that Mrs. York will discharge so well her tasks that other cities will take note and go and do likewise. Much good mayoralty timber, in these days, goes draped in skirts, and many imbecile "sissies" wear trousers while they mis-govern the cities that they have beguiled into trusting them.

In Brooklyn, according to the report of the Court of Domestic Relations, over 45 per cent of the domestic troubles brought before it were caused by drink and one and four-tenths per cent by the interference of mother-in-laws, and no case is reported as the result of poverty or of accident. How inevitably does all research work point to the overwhelming curse, the perpetual fountain of misery. All the social sciences, economic, physical, ethical and civic studies point to the unchallenged conclusion that the saloon is a curse and must go. Alcoholic drinks have no place in the normal life of individuals or communities and they must be suppressed. A curse so universal and unquestionable demands national action. Enlightened statesmanship is becoming more and more cognizant of this fact. Let our statesmen in Washington get busy!

The New York Stock Exchange does not like Senate Bill No. 3895, a bill "to prevent the use of the mails and the telegraphs and telephones in furtherance of fraudulent and harmful transactions on the stock exchange," and it has embodied its objections in a brief of one hundred pages attractively printed. The pages teem with technicalities and figures quite beyond the comprehension of the editor of UNITY, but

we hope that the keen minds of the nation's law makers at Washington can grapple with them. The editor of UNITY can understand that this is a commendable method of carrying on the debate. Facts and figures skillfully arrayed in print that "he who runs may read" is the right way, while secret lobbying, personal persuasion and vicious pulls and bribes, not yet fully elminated from the third House, is the wrong way.

The coming of a new minister into the pastorate of the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, is an event in which the elder readers of UNITY will take great interest. This church, which has enjoyed the prophetic and poetic ministry of Samuel Longfellow for seven years, N. A. Staples for three years, John White Chadwick for forty years and Caleb S. S. Dutton for six years, has had a record dear as it is enviable, to those who believe that it is possible to realize in a church devoutness and rationalism, efficiency and culture, the open mind and warm heart. The ministry of John Chadwick ran parallel with the life of UNITY, and his pen was always at the service of the little paper in the West whose motto was "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." Mr. Dutton continued the tradition of his poet predecessor until he was called to still greater opportunity on the Pacific Coast, where he serves as pastor of the First Unitarian Church, San Francisco, Cal., again in the apostolic succession of Thomas Starr King and Horatio Stebbins. C. H. Lyttle, the new incumbent at Brooklyn, is an Ohio boy, born in 1885, a graduate of the Western Reserve of the Meadville School, a graduate student at Berlin under Professor Harnack, and fellowship student of the Harvard Divinity School. Now fully girded for his work he enters into the apostolic succession. UNITY extends its heartiest congratulations to pastor and people and begs for a continued place in the confidence of both. In the UNITY geography this church belongs to the western fellowship.

A certain "admiral" of the United States Navy demanded that a certain outlaw, according to the opinion of the present national administration, should fire twenty-one blank cartridges in honor of the United States flag as an atonement for an awkward interference with a petty United States officer, which interference was promptly apologized for, and the perpetrator of the "insult" promptly rebuked. Because this outlaw hesitated to waste his powder the United States has been thrown into convulsions, its formidable navy has been hurried into Mexican waters, thousands of soldiers have been mobilized, recruiting stations have been multiplied, and boys have been lured from the plow and the slate, from the farm and the school to fill the ranks of army and navy. All for a technical insult, a traditional honor standard based on a medieval code. Meanwhile within our own boundary a seven months' disorder, bringing the inevitable accompaniment of starving children, haggard women, murdered husbands and distracted fathers, has been going on. The nation watches the strife with indolent hesitation; the real war in Colorado and Michigan, with spasmodic outbursts elsewhere, arousing but little interest, though calling for an exercise of brains and perhaps of arms to settle the affair. There is a great text, from a revered source, which advises the casting out of the beam in one's own eye that he may see more clearly how to cast out the mote in another's eye. Oh, democracy, democracy, how long, O how long must you wait for consistency and efficiency among your would-be advocates and administrators!

It was a pitiable distortion of youthful ideals that was spread before the eyes and minds of the youths of Chicago last week when a United States Senator from Washington and the Governor of Illinois from Springfield travelled hither to join the Mayor of Chicago and other "prominent citizens" at the head of a procession of honor to welcome home the body of a little Jew boy, who, growing restive under the conditions of legitimate toil in the industrial world and home surroundings, ran away and under a fictitious name and suspicious circumstances joined the navy, in the time of peace, when there was no moral appeal or patriotic incentive in mind, and who was finally, by the exigencies of a mock militant necessity, projected in the way of a Mexican bullet fired by one who was protecting his home. This "honor" procession assumed vast proportions that grew into a mob, which necessitated the sending in of a riot call, and policemen with difficulty rescued injured and fainting men and women, so fierce was the vulgar desire to catch sight of the coffin. At the funeral services these authorities exhausted their vocabulary in glorifying this ill-ordered life and this conventionalized and exaggerated heroism. We yield to no one in our tender sympathy for the bereaved family. We believe profoundly in the sacredness of life, the sanctity of every soul and trust that the infinite bounty conserves all spiritual impulses and in some way beyond our understanding preserves and utilizes the most wayward child on earth, but thousands of young Jewish lads give up their lives annually for the public weal and for others' good in more exemplary fashion, and hundreds of thousands of homes all over this great republic have been bereaved by deaths more noble, the loss of lives as consecrated. Have we not reached farther than this yet? Oh, ye would-be enlightened senators, devout governors, law enforcing mayors and peace loving citizens, how can the damage done to the ideals of the boys and girls of Chicago be repaired by you? How

can the true perspectives of democracy be restored and the bumptious hypocrisy of these representatives of the "peepul" be eliminated?

Weary of the contests of brawn, the excitements of football, baseball and track stunts under academic administrations, the Lake Forest College has started a new thing which promises to restore the contests of mind and to bring about delightful associations in connection with stimulating exhibitions of brain. The Fourth Inter-scholastic "Contest in Expression" was held at Lake Forest May 8 and 9. The competitors were limited to twenty-four "teams" from as many secondary schools and were admitted in the order of their application. Four teams came from Indiana, eight from Chicago, eleven from Illinois outside of Chicago and four from Wisconsin. It was a contest in Expression on three different lines, namely: In Letter Writing, Reading English, and Oral Expression. There were preliminary contests and final contests. Team work was allowed by the different schools. The method of procedure seemed somewhat complicated to an outsider, but we are assured that it worked out with much satisfaction both to the contestants and the auditors. In "Oral Expression" a list of forty topics was handed to a team from which it could select a topic. An hour's time was given for preparation, without any assistance from the outside, but members of teams could consult with each other, and then the contest came. The topics selected were "such as to call for clean and logical explanation rather than declamation," and not over four minutes was allowed to each person. Three prizes were offered to the successful competitors. Similar contests were arranged for letter writing and for English reading. Among the topics for oral discussion were "Liquid Air," "The Rise of the Republican Party," "What the Modern World Owes to Rome," "The Work of Joan of Arc." The successful writer won out on this topic: "You are likely to be suspended from school for an infraction of school discipline. Write a letter to the principal presenting your case." Miss Florence Burroughs of the Hammond High School wrote a letter that would have melted the heart of the hardest principal. The first prize in speech making was awarded to Miss Frieda Bash of the Mishawaka (Indiana) High School; topic: "What the Modern World Owes to Rome." Here is something worth while! The contests thus far have been confined to secondary schools. There is no reason why they should not spread among colleges. There is every reason why educators everywhere should seek new methods of stimulating brains and introducing pleasurable associations on thinking lines. The domination of the "coach" among students on the college campus, recently commented upon in these columns, is, to say the least, an anomolous indication of degenerate tendencies in college life in America, and Professor Walter Bridgeman of Lake Forest, who has largely worked out this scheme, deserves great credit for starting a new thing in inter-collegiate competitions. The last contest is interestingly reported in the May 14 issue of *The Stentor,* the Lake Forest College publication. We hope to hear of more such contests and will delight in the spreading of the achievement. After all there are delights in brain activity and intellectual alertness that can bring joy to the actor and the auditor, and it may be that the mentor of brain will recover his place in the hearts of the students temporarily dedicated to the developer of brawn. The display of wits may be as interesting as successful "hits."

Sir Oliver Lodge and "Continuity"

Not in years has a more remarkable book appeared in the field of science than Sir Oliver Lodge's Presidential Address to the British Association for 1913, which has just been published in this country by Putnam's under the title of "Continuity." What the value of this address is as a contribution to the scientific knowledge and viewpoint of our time, I am of course quite unable to say. But that, from the larger aspects of philosophical and even religious thought, it is one of the most significant books which has been given to the world in recent years, I boldly venture to make assertion.

The first half, or perhaps more, of the essay or address is a careful survey of recent scientific discoveries and investigations in the various fields of physics, chemistry, biology, etc., from the general standpoint of what Sir Oliver dubs the principle of continuity. With a marvelous grasp of the facts of present-day research, he shows us how the gaps in the line of development of both organic and inorganic life are one by one closing up, and lays down his belief, which he prophecies will soon be demonstrated in detail, "in ultimate continuity as essential to science."

More interesting to us, however, than this technical consideration of modern scientific problems, is the second half of the Address, wherein Sir Oliver Lodge characteristically launches into a general discussion of the larger aspects of science, with particular reference to those great questions which lie at the heart of religion, or, as Lodge himself would put it, of life itself. It is here that the book has a significance which is altogether remarkable, especally when regarded as the production not of a religious writer or theologian, but of a man who makes no claim to distinction outside of his own field of physics. These points may here be noticed:

(1) In the first place, Sir Oliver Lodge reiterates his belief, first announced so clearly in his reply to

Prof. Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" in his "Life and Matter," that while the great question of spiritual reality is still an open one, the evidence is increasingly in favor of the truth of the religious hypothesis. Here, as in his earlier book, he bases his conclusion on his assertion

That life is not a form of energy . . . . but belongs to a separate order of existence, which interacts with this material frame of things, and, while there, exerts guidance and control on the energy which already here exists.

What this postulate means when applied to the great problems of God and the soul is of course evident.

(2) Secondly, Sir Oliver lays down the proposition that the scientific method of investigation is as applicable to the realm of so-called spiritual reality as it is to the realm of matter. Here he very plainly breaks with the great body of modern scientists, who limit the scientific method very rigidly to the things of sense, and are thus driven to the agnostic position as regards all things which lie beyond the border of sense impressions. Sir Oliver flatly refuses to be content with such agnosticism, on any such plea of the inability of the scientific method to reach reality as such.

"I am one of those," he says, "who think that the methods of science are not so limited in their scope as has been thought; that they can be applied much more widely, and that the psychic region can be studied and brought under law too. Allow us anyhow to make this attempt. Give us a fair field. Let those who prefer the materialistic hypothesis by all means develop their thesis as far as they can; but let us try what we can do in the psychical region, and see which wins. Our methods are really the same as theirs—the subject matter differs. Neither should abuse the other for making the attempt."

Nor is he content even to rest here. On the contrary, he moves ahead to the still more advanced position that the scientific method is not only theoretically applicable to the study of spiritual problems, but that it has actually justified itself there by the achievement of practical results. His illustration is, of course, the field of immortality.

"I must risk annoying my present hearers," he says, "not only by leaving on record our conviction that occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science carefully and persistently applied, but by going further and saying, with the utmost brevity, that already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death. The evidence—nothing new or sensational, but cumulating and demanding prolonged serious study—to my mind goes to prove that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us on the material side, thus indirctly coming within our scientific ken; and that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm. A body of responsible investigators has even now landed on the treacherous but promising shores of a new continent."

(3) Most astounding of all, however, is the third proposition laid down in this great address. I refer to Sir Oliver's assertion of his belief that the scientific method is not the only answer to truth. Even though this scientific method failed us, he declares that there are other pathways which can lead us to God. And he even ventures the statement that this pathway has been travelled long since by many great and good men.

"We cannot really and seriously suppose," he says, "that truth began to arrive on this planet a few centuries ago. The pre-scientific insight of genius—of Poets and Prophets and Saints—was of supreme value, and the access of those inspired seers to the heart of the universe was often profound . . . . Through the best part of two centuries there has been a revolt from religion, led by Voltaire and other great writers of that age, but let us see to it that the revolt ceases when it has gone far enough. Let us not fall into the mistake of thinking that ours is the only way of exploring the multifarious depths of the universe, and that all others are worthless and mistaken. The universe is a larger thing than we have any conception of, and no one method of search will exhaust its treasures."

It is enough to take one's breath away to realize that these ideas emanate from a man who is most accurately described as a physicist, and that they are contained in an address delivered before the British Association. Is not this fair evidence of the probability that science is entering this day upon a new epoch, which shall see the definite ending of the old hostility to religion, and the joining of a real alliance between the student of science and the prophet of religion? Is not classic agnosticism at last merging into rational faith? It may be that we are hoping too much, but the closing paragraph of Sir Oliver's address gives us heart to believe that a new day is really dawning.

"Men and brethren," he concluded solemnly, "we are trustees of the truth of the physical universe as scientifically explored; let us be faithful to our trust. Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity and in the reality of things. It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it; the actions of the Deity make no appeal to any special sense, only a universal appeal; and our methods are, as we know, incompetent to detect complete uniformity. There is a Principle of Relativity here, and unless we encounter flaw or jar or change, nothing in us responds; we are deaf and blind, therefore, to the Immanent Grandeur, unless we have insight enough to recognize in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress toward perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendant God.'

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

EVIDENCE

Day after day she stands
With aching back, her busy hands
Smoothing the silks and laces fair
She does not wear.
Night after night she climbs up to her barren cell,
Whose dingy walls fortell
The drawn-out torture of the future years.
She shudders, and her frightened tears,
Flooding the roses of her skin,
Turn it to parchment, wan and thin.
And then—
We call together sleek and prosperous men,
Fat-jowled and double-chinned,
To find out why the girl has sinned!

—*Ralph Bacon.*

THE PULPIT

Why Go to Church on Sunday?

Or the Helpful Elements in the Social Sanctuary

A Series of Sermons

Preached at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

III.
The Prayer

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

With the waiting, yearning, searching multitude we would attune our hearts this morning, Father, to high thoughts, to peaceful communions, each with each and all with Thee. Father, help us, we pray, to realize the benedictions of peace. Grant that the turbulent hearts of nations may be soothed; that their wild and wicked ambitions may be calmed. Quiet our feverish hearts, enlighten our darkened minds, strengthen our halting consciences, that our deeds may not prove unworthy of our words and that our acts belie not our prayers.

SERMON.

In seeking the elements of power in the Sunday service, I come today to the most delicate and difficult of subjects. Prayer is not a thing to be discussed. It is a thing to be experienced. It is not to be justified by logic, it is a thing for demonstration. It is not a question in theology but in psychology. I believe in prayer because I must believe in human aspiration. I pray not because I ought, but because I must. Prayer is a part of the up-reaching and out-reaching law of nature. It is akin to the mystic force that tips the boughs with blushing buds this morning. It is a part of that great law that carpets the sear ground with green and causes violets to come forth. Prayer is akin to that which compels the happy home makers in the boughs to sing at their nest building. Whether it is a song of realization or anticipation I know not. John Burroughs thinks that bird songs are anticipatory. Be that as it may, as we rise into the higher realms of life more definite becomes this conscious outreaching and upreaching of the soul of nature. Coming into the realm of human culture it breaks into song, into great music, into noble poems, into prayer, and has furnished us with a wealth of literature.

Prayer, I know right well, "is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed." It is the human reaching toward the divine, not the divine stooping toward the human. I believe in prayer because I believe in a universe of law and order. I know that the answer to every prayer is not according to our asking, but according to our needs. Not what we beg for, but what we deserve, is the return of prayer.

Again I am mindful of the fact that there is a vast difference between prayer and prayers. I know that words often cripple the spirit, and formal phrases often defeat the aspirations of the soul, and yet my arguments for the scripture and for the hymn remain this morning to plead for the prayers in what is fittingly called "The Service."

"Words! words! words!" groaned the sick spirit of the prince in Shakespeare's drama, and the wicked king cried out of his disgrace and his discouragement, "My words fly upward but my thoughts remain below." Far be it from me to be blind to the dangers of formal prayer, to the tyranny of ritual, unilluminated and unblessed. I well understand the shrinking of those who believe in the wordless prayer, and who would fain establish a prayerless church. I know that such is possible in thought; I doubt if it is realizable in life. Simply because of the primal necessity of expression. The fundamental gifts of mind are inseparably connected with the power of speech and the effort for expression. There is a cant of utterance to which we should ever be sensitive, but there is also a cant of silence from which we should ever try to escape. It is a great achievement when a soul can swing itself on wordless thoughts into realms of beauty and ideals of peace and usefulness. I envy one who can, in the great out-of-doors of the world, under the shade of the branching trees and in the companionship of the innocent birds know the thrill of emotion that the saints testify to, and return from such visits with the springs of action quickened and made responsive to the dreams and the ideals of the prophets and the sages of history. If such is your power, cherish it, thus you may climb the high ladder of wider vision. But beware lest you deceive yourself! Beware lest you mock your own spirit and clip your own wings by pretending that the trees and the birds are *adequate* promoters of your devotions. Beware lest you belie all history and turn your back upon the great revelations of the Eternal, which come from the inspired pages of poetry and prophecy. Beware lest you offer an indignity to the humanity you belong to, by insinuating that the feathered children of God are more dear to him and sweeter and higher revelators to you than the men and women who are brothers and sisters on the upmost rounds, so far as we can know, of the ladder of creation.

So I say that I believe in *prayers* as well as in *prayer,* and in saying this I simply confess that I find great inspiration and power in some of the deathless things in literature. I simply say that I believe in the consolations and the inspirations of the larger part of the hymn-book about which I talked last Sunday. For of course hymns are but prayers, more or less successful in proportion as they are adequate vehicles of prayer. I believe profoundly in "words! words! words!" Yea Hamlet! Words in the mouths of Socrates and Moses became law and inspiration to the generations that followed. Words! words! Thank God for words! for through words was Plato made the teacher of teachers, and his writings continue to be, as Emerson said, "The epitome of libraries." "Words! words!" yea "words." Yes, through words we come into the great company of confessors who have softened the bitterness of human nature, who have shamed the cruelties of society, who have chastened governments and rebuked kings. Take the words of prayer and aspiration out of literature and you have but a shell left. You have taken out the framework of the great tone-masters and they lose their inspiration. You have clipped the wings of the great artists, whether they have wrought for architecture, painting or sculpture. Words are not only that gift which separates men from lower animals, but are that which fixes man's place in the evolving intelligence of the race. Three hundred and fifty

words are said to suffice the undeveloped savage. The books tell us that there are certain strata of human life, way up there in the Arctic regions, where conversation is impossible in the dark. The natives have not words enough to convey their simplest meaning without the help of gestures, without a plus of action, while the dictionaries of civilization count, I believe, something over a million and a half words. The vocabulary of the Englishman enlarges with the growth of his genius. Wordsworth had a large vocabulary, Milton had a larger still, and Shakespeare outreached and over-reached them all.

So, prayers are not a divine demand but a human necessity. I believe in prayers and the habit of utterance because of their great inclusiveness. I can do no better today than I did a week ago in our consideration of hymns, that is, give you some illustration from the classic prayers of history and hint their unexhausted power in our lives.

I quote from a little Book of Petitions, full of tenderness, of which I may speak some day. Here is the daily prayer of the Breton fishermen as they go out to battle with the waves and wring from the deeps of the sea the support of wives and children:

> Keep me safe, O my God, this day.
> My boat is so small and thy ocean is so wide.

From the humble fisherman to the great sage of Athens, Socrates, is a far cry, but the distance is spanned by devout words:

> O beloved Pan—and all ye gods whose dwelling is in this place, grant me to be beautiful in soul, and all that I possess of outward things, to be at peace with those within. Teach me to think Wisdom the only riches; and grant me so much wealth, and so much only, as a good and holy man could manage or enjoy.

Pentaur, an Egyptian poet, was employed by a conquering Pharoah to celebrate his triumphs in an adequate inscription. The Pharoah that his genius lauded has become long since a dried mummy, which, perhaps, has only been restored to the daylight three thousand years or more after the inscription was written in his honor; but the poet we remember. Here is the prayer of Pentaur:

> Oh! Thou the One! Though stars may fall from the heavens on summer nights, still thy eternal and immutable laws guide the never-resting planets in their paths. Thou pure and all pervading Spirit that dwellest in me—as I know by my horror of a lie.

What a reach of spiritual sensitiveness, what a triumph of righteousness in the soul of that old pagan poet, who wrote over a thousand years before the Carpenter of Nazareth was born. He continues:

> Manifest thyself in me as light when I think, as mercy when I act, as truth when I speak, as truth, always as truth. Amen.

From the great pagan of Egypt to the great Father of the fifth century, St. Augustine, is but a step in the spiritual geography. Augustine prayed:

> Speak to me, for Thy compassion's sake, O Lord my God, and tell me what Thou art to me! Speak that I may hear. I will follow after this voice of Thine, I will lay hold on Thee.
>
> Whither-so-ever the soul of man turneth it findeth sorrow, except only in Thee. Fix there, then, thy resting-place, O my soul! Amen.

From the Father of Catholic theology, the great thought confessor of the Christian Church for a thousand years, we drop to the American scientist, who read for us the story of the rocks. Listen to a prayer of Nathaniel S. Shaler, the beloved and lamented geologist of Harvard College:

> O Power who has given me being, grant to me strength to live as becomes thy creatures. May I stand amid the changes that whirl around me untouched and unbroken, and when it shall please thee to end my days may I not have lived in vain.

The children in our Sunday School have learned and repeated together month after month this tender prayer of Robert Louis Stevenson:

> Give us grace and strength to persevere. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends and soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all the changes of fortune, and down to the gate of death, loyal and loving to one another.

Here is another of the most modern of prayers, by a master of literary art, Henry D. Thoreau. The children of our Sunday School can recite it to their parents:

> Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
> Than that I may not disappoint myself;
> That in my action I may soar as high
> As I can now discern with this clear eye.
>
> And next in value which thy kindness lends,
> That I may greatly disappoint my friends;
> Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,
> They may not dream how thou'st distinguish me.
>
> That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
> And my life practice more than my tongue saith;
> That my low conduct may not show,
> Nor my relenting lines,
> That I thy purpose did not know,
> Or overrated thy designs.

These illustrations indicate the wealth of spoken prayer that has supported the humble spirit of unnumbered millions as the trellis does the vine. Strips of lumber, dry, dead, perhaps painted, offer no fruit, have none of the graces of the living vine, which reaches upward, fastens itself to the trellis and grows in such a way that God's sun-heat and sunlight and vivifying rays make common cause with soil and dew, air and rain, and behold the unspeakable miracle of the grape is realized, bringing beauty and nourishment to the body and soul of man. The trained mind and the cultivated heart that would disdain the help of the prayer trellis robs itself of more than can ever be estimated. It is not that you must pray, or that you must say prayers, but it is because prayer words are serviceable. Often they help and comfort.

James Martineau was a great philosopher, interpreting the laws of the spirit to the nineteenth century. But some who lived nearest him and were most acquainted with his contributions to civilization, say that greater than his great books—and there are many of them that are very great—is the notable Tenth Service which he contributed to a prayer-book adapted to the needs of the liberal faith in England. His sermons were strong, his prayers added the grace of tenderness and trustfulness.

I believe that these prayers in the Sunday service have often a helpfulness beyond the best preaching. You remember the story of Louise Alcott, how, when she was heart sad and heavy burdened, as with her needle and in other ways she pieced out the meager resources of a large family, she read that a preacher in Roxbury, in the vicinity of Boston, was going to preach a sermon to wage-earning women. She said,

"That is for me, it may be to my need," and she went. She got what she went for before the sermon was reached. The marvelous prayer interpreted her own longings and comforted her halting spirit. It had a strength and revelation that stayed with her through life. Parker's prayers brought to her a help beyond the masterful sermons that thrilled Boston. Miss Alcott lived to edit an edition of Parker's prayers for which she wrote a classic introduction. The experience of Louise Alcott was the experience of hundreds, aye thousands of others, who overcame all obstacles, walked far on Sunday mornings from country residences, that they might be quickened by the devout spirit of the great Music Hall preacher.

But you ask me, as I am often asked, "Who do you pray to anyhow?" "What do your pronouns mean?"

They mean my ignorance. They mean my limitations. They mean that I am incapacitated to measure the Infinite. They mean my inadequate vocabulary. Of course pronouns and personalities fade and fail in the presence of the immeasurable and unutterable, but inasmuch as I reach the height of my vocabulary in personalities and pronouns, confessing my limitations, the inadequacy of my speech, knowing that it is to be criticised on account of that inadequacy, still I dare use the best, noblest and tenderest words within my reach. If they fail to interpret my thought, it is because they fall short, not because they overreach the profundities "in whom I live and move and have my being." Give me a conception that to my human mind outreaches personality, give me a new set of pronouns, and I will be grateful. Until then I will use the richest speech I know. The dearest, the tenderest words in my vocabulary gather round the fireside circle; the most stalwart, the sweetest, most far-reaching potencies in human life are represented by the words "father" and "mother." So my spirit climbs on the trellis of human speech and experience to the Father and the Mother heart of all, that gives us fathers and mothers in the flesh.

There is nothing in this that is in defiance of science. For there is a science of the spirit as well as of matter. There is an astronomy of soul as well as of the heavens. The pebble on the street clutches Saturn. The ripple on the beach bows to the moon, and she responds to the salute. Scientifically the moon bends to the ocean as the ocean rises to the moon. So in every prayer there is an answer before it is uttered. For—

> In every, "O my father,"
> Slumbers deep a "Here, my child."

"If it may be, let this cup pass" is the cry of the human. "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done" is the answer of the Divine.

The last criticism of prayers in church is urged by some of our friends who cherish and strive to cultivate the devout attitude, but who are doubtful of the spiritual economy that indulges in speech. They suspect that it may liberate and dissipate forces that had better be conserved until they are applied to the needs of the world, an energy that might more profitably be embodied in deeds. The figure grips the imagination! If spirit was something to be conserved like gas in a retort, that illumines our houses, or something that is generated by a dynamo like electricity, something that flies along wires, it would behoove us to guard well the retort and to husband the energy produced by the dynamo. But all we know of spirit is that it is not subject to the laws and conditions of the physical. There is that which increases by use. There is that which grows by dissipation. Deeds spring out of ideals, ideals are built out of ideas, and ideas not only follow, but are created, by words. The lines of a plue-print are not the building, but the builder causes the building to rise by the help of the blue-print. It is a rash builder in these days who undertakes to think a chicken coop out of his own head without the help of pencil and paper. He will not begin to build until he has fixed the lines and estimated the boundaries on the drafting board. So with the soul that would fain lift itself into the communion of the saints, Fenelon, Madame Guyon, Martineau and Channing, the great seers and dreamers of the far East, Brahmin and Buddhist as well as Jew and Christian, will not regret the help these have to offer. They are convicted of a crude and wasteful economy of spirit who would undertake to shape their souls into beauty, generosity and gratitude without the help of words, aye the help of the noblest words, words hallowed by tender memories and sacred associations. The dearest children of the Most High and most precious helpers of men, have blazed the trail as they journeyed through this wilderness of time, and we are foolish, more than wicked, if we refuse to avail ourselves of that blazing and are content to grope through the perplexities of life without the leading and the help of those who have gone before us.

So I love to believe that beyond any help of sermons, aye more tender than any inspiration of the fields, beyond anything that bird or grass or flower can do for you or for me,—and I know something of what they may do, for I have been tutored and comforted in the fields,—there are possible walks of the spirit by which the habitual attendant at the simplest service of prayer may secure nobler help and greater rest.

I believe in forms but not in formalism. I believe in a liturgy but not a slavish liturgy. Happily the devotional heart of man has kept pace with the cultured spirit of man. How unconsciously are the great poems of Browning shot through and through with marvelous prayers. Poor, distracted Paracelsus defeated and confused, breaks out into this noble prayer cry:

> God! Thou art mind! Unto the master-mind
> Mind should be precious. Spare my mind alone!
> All else I will endure; if, as I stand
> Here, with my gains, thy thunder smite me down,
> I bow me; 'tis thy will, thy righteous will;
> I o'erpass life's restrictions, and I die;
> And if no trace of my career remain
> Save a thin corpse at pleasure of the wind
> In these bright chambers level with the air,
> See thou to it! But if my spirit fail,
> My once proud spirit forsake me at last,
> Hast thou done well by me? So do not thou!

And when the great and tender old Pope well along toward his nineties is called upon to decide the fate of the base murderer in "The Ring and the Book," after he has rehearsed the evidence to the clear, after he has traced the precedents of the centuries gone, the humble sage breaks into a prayer that breathes peace and sanity into his judgment:

> O Thou,—as represented here to me
> In such conception as my soul allows,—
> Under the measureless my atom width!—
> Man's mind—what is it but a convex glass
> Wherein are gathered all the scattered points
> Picked out of the immensity of sky,

To reunite there, be our heaven on earth,
Our known unknown, our God revealed to man?
Existent somewhere, somehow, as a whole;

* * * * *

Choice of the world, choice of the thing I am,
Both emanate alike from the dread play
Of operation outside this our sphere
Where things are classed and counted small or great,—
Incomprehensibly the choice is Thine!
I therefore bow my head and take Thy place,

No form of prayer is to be despised! I like Tolstoy's parable of The Three Mendicants. He tells of a Bishop who starts out on a missionary voyage. He goes to save the heathen. As they sail the captain of the ship calls his attention to a sterile island far out from land and says, "There dwell three holy men on that barren island. Many years ago they escaped from the world of temptation and here they live on the meager nourishment that they can draw from the sea, for the island is but a rocky point." The Bishop said, "Put me ashore; I fain would see these holy men." He found three simple men, who had escaped from the temptations and the trammels of society that they might lead the holy life. Isolated as they had been for so long they had almost lost the power of speech.

Said the Bishop, "Do you pray?" "Yes, we pray as best we can three times a day, but we have forgotten the prayers that we brought here, and we often wish we might pray better." "How do you pray?" said the Bishop. Humbly they answered, "We can only say three times a day, with eyes turned heavenward, 'You Three have mercy on us three! Amen!" "You Three have mercy on us three! Amen." Just that and no more! The Bishop was shocked at the inadequacy of their prayer and he set himself to the work of teaching them a more adequate one. "Say after me," he said, "Our Father, who art in heaven," and they said, "Our Father who art in heaven." "Hallowed be thy name." "Hallowed be thy name." And so they went on through the prayer. But before they got to the third or fourth clause their memories became weary and their words confused. It took the long weary night before they could repeat the precious words of the universal prayer to the end. The Bishop left them in the morning and they promised him that evermore they would speak the more adequate prayer which he had taught them. But before midday the captain spied a speck on the horizon, and looking through his glass he saw it was a little boat rowing to the ship. He slackened his speed, and as the boat approached he saw in its the three mendicants. They were taken aboard and they eagerly sought the Bishop, to whom they said: "Good Bishop, we have gotten confused again and do please give us another lesson in your prayer." And then the truth dawned upon the Bishop and he said, "My dear children, go your way, say your prayers in your own way and the good Lord will understand." There was a tradition among the sailors on board that ship, for many months after, that there was a peculiar radiance to be seen on the railing at the point over which the three holy men passed to their little boat again.

Friends, it is a graceless, spiritless task to criticise the forms of sincere speech. The noblest reach of the old Pope in Browning's "Ring and the Book" is only a little removed from the simple ritual of the Three Mendicants on the barren island who could only pray, "You Three have mercy on us three!" The primal thing is to feed the aspirations, to cultivate a heart that is humble, a mind that is teachable. Given these, then on the trellis of speech, by the help of words great and true, we may climb into an ever growing ritual.

The last thing I have to say in favor of the prayer element in our Sunday worship is, that it is beautifully democratic. The peasant and the prince, the slave and the conqueror, aye, the murderer and the saint, find common ground when kneeling at the altar of worship—they confess their sins together. Through speech penitents come to the common prayer which leads to common deeds and common loves. The chief thing is to begin with a language we understand and climb to that which we may come to understand.

Again let me say I believe in prayer, and consequently I believe in prayers, as an adjunct to worship. I believe in an adequate service of prayer in our Sunday morning worship. There are those who believe that a prayerless church is what we are coming to. A dear and near friend of this church and of mine, a devoted advocate of the causes we represent, bemoaned the other day the chains that bind me to the churchly ideals and churchly methods. Out of the deep solicitude of his heart he said: "If you could only break the thralls that bind you to this church, what a power you might become in this city! How it would augment your potency!" To him devotional service and the implication that the world makes of it is a deterrent to the ministry of this church.

I must believe that it is better to move the heart a little ways toward tenderness and humility than to move a multitude into intellectual assertiveness or civic pride.

This is why, as a fitting conclusion to the consideration of the prayers in our service I call your attention to the flags above you. Yesterday some forty or more carried the standard of Abraham Lincoln Centre, which is the American flag rimmed with white indicative of its international sympathies, in the marching column that demanded the equal ballot for men and women, black and white. Eight little girls in the center of the Lincoln Centre column carried six large flags in a line and beyond any demands of suffrage, beyond the civic appeal, those flags I trust touched a few. If the white border touched but one onlooker with a thought of the primal mission of women as the bringers of international peace into the distracted civilization of the twentieth century, our marching was not in vain. I was proud to march with the girls and the women and I wish I could say also with the men of Lincoln Centre. That white bordered banner stood for a democracy that was splendidly realized in the column itself, reaching from the "women of society" to the humble servant girls, from the head of the great educational system to the humblest born child in the school; from the accomplished women of letters and the representative women of wealth and position to the colored women of hard-handed toil, one of whom fell in with the Lincoln Centre section—and she belonged there! The wives of millionaires and the daughters of working men, Jew and Gentile, marched side by side yesterday, and that was an answer to a prayer as yet but inadequately uttered in the rituals of Christendom.

From the office of the Church Peace Union in New York there comes the request that this church, in con-

nection with all churches of America, should join next Sunday, each in its own way, in prayer and speech in the interest of peace. We pray that we may escape the great menace to our national honor, and not yield to the low inspirations of violence, the vulgar appeal to weapons, the brutal road to the slaughter of the sons of women. They ask us to pray that our nation may be saved from such a disgraceful calamity. I can but feel that the democracy of the spirit expressed in such prayers cannot be in vain.

Help us, Father, to join with the worshipping millions in holy protest against the violence of the brute and in high yearnings for the peace that passeth understanding among men, the peace that will usher in the Kingdom of thy chosen ones here on earth.

We thank Thee, O Thou infinite presence, for the joys of the common fellowship, the inspiration of the ties which bind us each to each and all to Thee, the giver of duty, and the responsibilities of Motherhood and Fatherhood. Amen.

THE STUDY TABLE

Random Readings

"I doubt not," said Whitman, "that the passionately-wept deaths of young men are provided for." Nor do I. Nevertheless, the "Letters" of the late Vaughn Moody (*Houghton, Mifflin Co.*) renew our regret for the passing of an authentic poet whose work had in it the pathos of unfinished things. They make me think of the sermons of Percy Ainsworth, that young Methodist minister who died in England three years ago. What a genius! The very memory of him is a footfall, always light, of one untimely gone away. Moody himself, in speaking of the death of Philip Savage, wrote this sentence: "I do not know why the death of a spiritual man, at least one who dies in youth, is so much more moving than that of another. One would expect it to be the contrary; perhaps it is to the true understanding." Perhaps; but not many attain to that clearer vision.

"O Life, he would have spelled some syllable
Of meaning in thee, but the light failed,
The page grew dark."

* * *

Will Levington Comfort is a man worth knowing—a mystic, almost an ascetic, yet red of blood, rich of heart, and the writer of some of the best stories of the day. What stories they are, glamored, it may be, by glorious romance, yet much more than stories. His last, "Down Among Men" (*Doran Co.*) is a great peace novel, written from the ranks and reflecting the point of view of the men who do the fighting, not from a serene and safe distance away. It is also a story of noble womanhood. Here are men and women of a large and spiritual order, who in doing great service grow great themselves. In fact, the writer surveys many lands, always treating this world as a suburb of eternity. If my readers do not know him, they will thank me for even so brief an introduction.

* * *

The story of the year which has meant most to me is "The Prisoner in Fairyland," by Blackwood. (*Macmillan Co.*) It helps to bring back into our busy, hurrying life not merely the fairyland of make-believe and dragons and princesses imprisoned in animals, but the fairyland which the tired world needs—the sympathy of sweet endeavor, love, gentleness, and doing good. Most of us, like the father in the story, are "wumbled," and sorely need some one to "unwumble" us, as Rogers did his old class-mate. There is a man whom Dostoevsky would have loved—a man who, through all the years of his money-making, had kept a wire in touch with the fairyland of youth when life was new and the heart full of dreams. The story makes one think of St. Francis—only he was such a child as we never yet have been. One hesitates to analyze it, lest one miss his seat in the Starlight Express which is waiting every night, for those who will take it, when

"The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep."

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

"The Modern Social Religion"—such is the title of an illuminating volume by Horace Holley that has just come from the press (*Sidgwick and Jackson,* London and Toronto.) The author is evidently a sociologist and philosopher of wide learning, extensive experience and possessed of exalted social idealism. In the first half of his argument he presents the desperate social crisis of our day. Without a reorganization of the social environment even the spiritual life of the individual, which the church has preached for ages, will become impossible. Modern industrial society is driving man's soul to the wall.

But how is this reconstruction of the social order to be affected? A thousand philanthropies and reforms wrestle with the problem. But the reform army is broken into jarring cohorts; church and state, Protestant and Catholic, evangelical and liberal, socialist and anarchist, materialist and idealist. Without concerted action they can neither develop the ideally rounded intellectual and spiritual individual nor the universal brotherhood. The problem is international; yet the powers fight each other, and the great religions that should unite the world into one family stab each other with sectarian dogmas and prejudices. The world must be saved into one divine brotherhood; and it will be saved, for the mighty current of social evolution is set toward the Kingdom of God—but not until men can find a great synthetic program, a great universal teaching. This teaching cannot come without a teacher. This teacher, our author declares, has been found in the modern prophet, Baha'u'llah. The second half of his volume he devotes to a presentation of the social and spiritual synthesis he has found in the writings and lives of Baha'u'llah and Abdul Baha.

Our author is evidently aflame with a spiritual fire kindled by his discovery. It is as if after reading for a long time the dead timber of much learning we suddenly discovered a mind whose dry wood had been set on fire.

A. R. VAIL.

To partake temperately ourself, and at the same time make room for others at the table nature loads with her good things, is the simple secret of existence.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK
In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XV.

The Psalms of Solomon

Presented by Mrs. Earl H. Reed

TEXT: *"He shall not trust in horse or rider or bow,*
Nor multiply to himself gold and silver for war,
Nor gather hope from arms in the day of battle."

There is extant a little collection of very beautiful Psalms, eighteen in number, called the "Psalms of Solomon," not found either in the Septuagint or Roman Bibles, but found in Greek text, which probably is the reason it was left out of the Protestant Bible. Scholars say they are clearly Hebraic in diction, written probably in Jerusalem on the eve of the Christian era, lost in the original and preserved to us only in the Greek form.

Here is a little supplement to the Book of Psalms, a collection compiled for use in the second Temple and in the homes of the devout, written after the captivity, when the Jew was trying to reorganize and revitalize his religion. Of course they are not Solomon's except in the same sense that the older collection is called the "Psalms of David," though David is innocent of their authorship. By reading between the lines let us see what we can get by inference, of history, and, if you like the word, theology, out of these eighteen little hymns.

They can be placed pretty accurately, by internal evidence, as having been written about fifty years before Jesus was born, at the threshold of New Testament times, spirit and development. The intelligent Christian who thinks something new, strange and startling came into Judea nineteen hundred and fourteen years ago, should study this little group of Psalms to correct that notion. To the people who lived 1900 years ago nothing so very surprising or unexpected was happening in Jerusalem; but those of us who are enabled to use the perspective of almost two milleniums, can see that something did happen,—the birth, development and death of a great leader; a teacher who came "in the fullness of time," as the Bible phrase has it, and who was able to focalize the forces that were training the Jews in Palestine.

Three things come out very clearly in these ante-Christian hymns. There was a lively expectation of a Messiah, a vivid dream on the part of this poet that He would come and bring comfort and consolation and restoration to Israel. He also voiced a lively faith in immortality. These eighteen Psalms have more immortality in them, in the sense we now understand it,—the survival of the individual after death, immortality at least to the faithful, than there is in the whole one hundred and fifty Psalms of the Old Testament. There is also a living, vivid hope of the resurrection,—a coming up out of the grave of the dead, to enter into the benefits of the restored Kingdom that would be established under the leadership of this expected Messiah.

The world was full of the thought of immortality before Jesus came, and the Jews, at this particular time, were sustained by a rich expectancy. If we read these Psalms, the book of Enoch and other of the Apocryphal writings, we can then turn to our New Testament and read the letters of Paul and John, and particularly the Gospel of John, in a new light.

The Messiah of these eighteen Psalms, expected by the Jews, was not realized in Jesus of Nazareth, either in an actual, literal or historic sense. The conception of the Messiah as a coming leader is spiritual, but a leader who would establish his kingdom on earth. This Jesus did not do, and there is not much evidence that he set out to do it. His was a spiritual dream of the triumph of Monotheism, the triumph of justice and of right, and it is being realized, although not yet far advanced. There is more prophecy than history.

But reading more between the lines, anticipating only by a generation the birth of Jesus, by no stretch of imagination can we think of these Psalms as being very familiar in the carpenter's cottage, known to Mary and Joseph, and to the children who played with Jesus among the shavings. We do not know their authorship; they make no claim to have been written by Solomon. They are not the work of any one writer, but a little compilation of hymns written by the Chadwick, Hosmer and Gannett of that time, for the service of some UNITY or All Souls Church of those days.

Whoever wrote these Psalms were Pharisees, and we might as well get acquainted with them and with the Sadducees, the Essenes and the Zealots, who were religious sects in Palestine at that time, with whom we will have increasingly to do.

The Pharisees we might call the Presbyterians of Jerusalem. They were separatists, strict interpreters of church membership, enforcing the creed and drawing a decided dividing line between the Jewish sheep and the Jewish goats (they being the sheep), the saved and the non-saved, the redeemed and the prospectively damned. In their creed they were more Roman Catholic than Protestant, that is, they held the view of the Scriptures of the Catholic Church and, to a degree, the Episcopalians of today. They took the Law of Moses with the historic additions through all times. They did not close the book of God's revelation except as declared by the priesthood. Orthodox Christianity closes the book with "Revelations" as the last inspired and authoritative utterance. The Catholic Church more bold, says that the same power that revealed the Bible took care of it afterward, guided the interpreters and taught the church how to use it, so there is *the* true Church, the vehicle of the ordained clergy, the Pope and his representatives, the archbishops and cardinals, apostolic succession, all coming down to our day from Peter, all God guided, God dictated. To the Pharisee all the rituals, ceremonies, altars, fast days and feast days growing around the Torah were authoritative and commanding, and that made the Pharisees the orthodox sect in Jerusalem at this time. They were rigid believers in immortality.

The Sadducees might be called the Unitarians of

the Jewish people. They were a much colder, a much more dignified and perhaps more complacent people. The word Sadducee comes from the Hebrew Zadock, who was the alleged High Priest in the time of Solomon, whose descendants alone were authorized to officiate at the altar. The Sadducees were the Zadokites and their contention was that Moses had given all that was needed and required in the Hexateuch, and their authoritative scripture was confined to the Torah. The Sadducees were doubters of immortality, there being little or no suggestion of this belief in the Torah.

There were two or three other very manifest sects lying back of this supplement, and which are referred to more or less clearly in the New Testament. The Zealots were the fiery ones, the agitators, the "shouting Methodists," the John Brownites, who were ready to try the Maccabean contest over again, who said, "We are cowards and poltroons if we submit to Roman rule and we will be humiliated until we rise in the strength of our faith in Jehovah."

Another and different movement is known in the books as the Essenes, a sort of Judean Quaker movement. They were willing to give up the struggle and contention of the city and retire into a community by themselves, where by simple habits and a vegetable diet they could observe the laws of health and build up for themselves and their children a rational, sweet, ethical community. De Quincey has written a charming essay on the Essenes, but unfortunately it is critically worthless. There is a disposition on the part of some scholars to prove that Jesus must have been strongly influenced by the Essenes, and there is much in the gospels to indicate that he was under the spell of that doctrine. And why not? He was a peace man, lived apart and advocated the simple life, but did not go into a retired community. He took the rough and tumble of life and did not shrink from eating and drinking with sinners.

Fine, glowing and poetic was the expectation of the Messiah just before the birth of Jesus.

There is no injustice in His days in their midst
For they shall all be holy, and their King shall be Christ the Lord.

How easily are we tricked by translations. The word "Christ" is the equivalent for Messiah, and Messiah is equivalent to the English words "The Anointed," and is a title and not a name.

These ideas were in the air only fifty years before Jesus was born. The Messiah was talked of in the huts of the fishermen, the cottages of the humble, the convocations of the learned, the assemblies of the Rabbis, and taught to the children in school. So that when Jesus came, the power of his personality divided the camp.

In the fourteenth Psalm we have a conception of the resurrection before Jesus was born. The context tells also of the unrighteous, their inheritance is Hades.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What three beliefs are voiced in these Psalms?
(2) Was the Messiah prediction fulfilled in Jesus?
(3) Compare Pharisees, Sadducees, Zealots and Essenes.
(4) Which of these sects are said to have influenced Jesus' teachings most?

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Two things greater than all things are,
The first is Love, and the second War.
And Since we know not how War may prove,
Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love.

MON.—Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and of pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men!

TUES.—And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate Star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are!

WED.—One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.
Take not that vision from my ken;
O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need!

THURS.—And life runs large on the Long Trail—
The trail that is always new.

FRI.—The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.

SAT.—Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Mechanical Work Promoted by Music

An interesting development in connection with the loud-speaking telephone is its use for distributing music during working hours in factories, warehouses, and other institutions where men are engaged in work of a monotonous character. It has long been known that work requiring mechanical skill without the necessity of mental concentration can be promoted by supplying the workers with some kind of pleasant amusement that will not take the attention from the work, and the loud-speaking telephone appears to make this possible on a scale not thought of heretofore. In the cigar factories of Tampa, Fla., the reading of books and periodicals to the workers during working hours has long been an established custom, and in many of the factories expert readers are employed for this purpose. The value of diversion of this kind in promoting work is also recognized in the United States navy, where the practice is to have the band play while the ship is being coaled. Amusement of this kind, however, is not to be confused with the "heave-ho" of workmen and sailors, or the monotonous chant of Japanese laborers in coaling ships, as these are designed simply to secure unison of action among the workers.

—Popular Mechanics.

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LIBERAL RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

The undersigned will be glad to send to inquirers free tracts, pamphlets and other printed matter as may be available, to those who are interested in knowing more of that religious movement that takes the name Unitarian or kindred titles.

Mrs. A. B. Stickney
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ST. PAUL, - - - MINN.

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

CHURCH MAY NOT CONTROL GREAT UNIVERSITY.

Vanderbilt University passes from under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, by effect of a decision rendered by the Supreme Court of Tennessee in the litigation between the bishops of the church and the trustees of the university. The issue was drawn between the two when the trustees refused to seat three members of the board elected by the Methodist General Conference and seated instead three of their own choice. The immediate cause of the conflict lay, however, in the offer of Andrew Carnegie to give $1,000,000 to the university for the founding of a medical school in Nashville under Vanderbilt's control. Mr. Carnegie, pursuing the line indicated by his foundation for the pensioning of teachers, made his gift to Vanderbilt conditional upon its freedom from denominational control. The bishops of the church "rejected" the donation on account of this condition, but the trustees insisted that they alone were rethority whatever in the premises.

—*Exchange.*

BIBLE READING DEMANDED.

That there is a rising demand for daily Bible reading in public schools is strongly indicated by the fact that four organizations whose constituency includes about all the evangelical churches —18,000,000 of members—have committees at work to this end. The organizations referred to are the Association of Church Education Boards, the Federal Council of Churches, the International Sunday School Association and the International Young Men's Christian Association.—*The Continent.*

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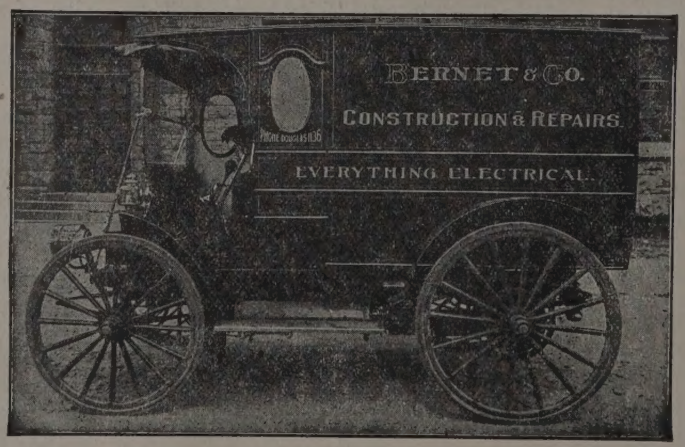

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Coffee

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